FRONTISPIECE

The Happy Sequel. page 9.

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THE

HAPPY SEQUEL.

OR

THE HISTORY

OF

ISABELLA MORDAUNT.

A TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is very usual with Authors, in producing something new to the world, to announce to their Readers the motives which excited them to appear in print. The Author of the Happy Sequel having declined this custom, the Publisher takes leave to remark, that the following narrative is, in his opinion, perspicuous in its plot, natural in its incidents, and unexceptionable in its morality.

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THE

HAPPY SEQUEL.

CHAP. I.

The Storm.

"COME, Henry," said Mr. Walker to his son, "put on your hat, and let us pay our promised visit."

"Will it not be too cold, Sir," replied Henry, "for you to venture out?—Besides, the appearance of the sky indicates an approaching storm."

"Never mind," said Mr. Walker, with a smile,—"we can walk fast enough to keep ourselves warm, and, should we be overtaken by a shower,

(for I apprehend nothing more,) we can easily procure shelter."

Accordingly Mr. Walker and his son set out: their road lay over the rocks close to the sea-shore; however, they had not proceeded far, before the rain began gradually to fall; the clouds lowered, and the distant thunder's roll reverberated through the hollow caverns; the waves dashed through the fissures of the rocks, and, as they receded, caused a murmuring sound.

"I think Henry," said Mr. Walker, "it would be better for us to take advantage of one of these cavities, to shelter ourselves in; for really the storm begins to wear a more formidable as-

pect than I at first suspected it would;" they therefore stepped out of the road, and quickly found the protection they sought.

While Mr. Walker and his son were in this situation, frequent flashes of lightning succeeded each other, the darkened clouds flew with increased velocity, and every thing displayed the terrific grandeur of a storm. They had remained nearly an hour in this cheerless place, when Henry perceived, through the mist, a boat attempting to reach the shore. The sailors appeared to strain every nerve to combat against the united force of the contending elements. At one moment this little ves-

sel seemed suspended on the summit of the foaming surge, while at the next it became lost to view. The mist, which for some time had been clearing, now increased, and totally excluded the boat from their sight.

"They are gone for ever!" exclaimed Henry. "Alas! poor sailors, you have found a watery grave, I fear."

Here the tears of sensibility flowed fast down his cheeks. Mr. Walker took his son's hand and pressed it with parental warmth. He had a heart that could keenly feel for the miseries of others, yet it beat with no uncommon emotion of pleasure, on his witnessing the lively feeling expressed by Henry

for the fate of the boat. But he was a man, and loved his children dearly.

"I trust still, my son," said he, "that your fears are groundless; the darkness of the atmosphere has but for a moment veiled the vessel from our view. Remember, even in the midst of this dreadful storm, that, that Being who made these boisterous elements, for ever stretches forth his protecting hand, to shield the wretched and the innocent."

Mr. Walker had scarcely concluded, when Henry, in a loud tone of exultation, cried out,

"Look! look! there they are pulling fast towards the shore. Oh no,

that cruel wave has dashed them all against yon rugged rock. She reappears! she lives! she lives! and now the enfeebled mariners, in safety, reach the strand. Oh, heavens be praised!"—Quick as the vivid lightning's flash, which glared around him, he sprang, from the friendly sheltering cavity, down the steep towards the shore. Mr. Walker pursued the steps of his son, but, in all probability, he would not have overtaken him, had not a briar, which had grown across the road, caught his foot, and thrown him headlong down: this gave his father an opportunity of coming up with him. Henry had not received any injury in

his fall; and would again have darted forward with the same impetuous speed, had he not been stayed by the nervous grasp of his father.

"Whither, Henry, are you hastening so fast?" said he.

"Towards the beach, my dear Sir," replied Henry, "that we might offer our assistance to those poor sailors, who have so providentially escaped the dreadful fate which seemed to threaten them."

"Consider, Henry," said Mr. Walker, "that we have a great distance yet to go, before we reach the shore, and, by the time we gain the landing place, no doubt but they will be safely lod-

ged among the villagers; it will be therefore useless to endanger our own lives, which must be the case, by moving incautiously along this intricate path, when we are convinced, that we shall be too late to render any immediate assistance."

Silently Mr. Walker and Henry moved forward, picking their way, and occasionally slipping, so as to be compelled to save themselves with their hands, until they arrived at the beach. The mariners, as Mr. Walker had foreseen, were dispersed through the village, and not an individual was to be met who could give them any information on the subject; they therefore hurried forward

to the cottage of Mrs. Musgrove, whom they were going to visit.

Henry quickened his pace and opened the little garden gate. They no sooner entered the gravel walk, that led to the cottage, than Mr. Walker thought he heard a sigh. The casement of the apartment where Mrs. Musgrove usually sat, stood partly open; the fire sent forth a cheerful blaze. As they advanced, they perceived Mrs. Musgrove, carefully chafing the temples of a female, whose head rested on her lap; her niece, the amiable Louisa, knelt by her side, and held a hand of the apparently insensible stranger between her own.

"Wilt thou never awake, thou sweet unfortunate?" said Mrs. Musgrove.

"She appears, my dear Madam," said Louisa, "a little to revive."

Mrs Musgrove cast a pitying look on the female—her eyes filled with tears—they rolled down her benignant face in quick succession—a drop—a burning drop—fell on the cold and pallid cheek of the stranger: it was that of sympathy: its genial warmth communicated to the heart, and the female languidly raised her head: she almost inarticulately said, "I am the child of sorrow," and again relapsed into her former state.

Mr. Walker and Henry were so situated, that they could distinctly hear

and observe every thing that passed: their feelings had been wound up to the highest pitch at the scene they witnessed; the chord of sensibility had been touched, and it responsively vibrated to the woes of the unfortunate stranger. Mr. Walker silently turned from the window, and gently knocked at the door. Gregory, the old man-servant, opened it: his usual smile of welcome did not play upon his countenance: *he* seemed also to partake of the general distress that pervaded the cottage. They quietly passed on to the sitting-room.

The stranger had recovered her fleeting senses, and was now standing up,

leaning on the shoulder of Louisa. Mrs. Musgrove still held a bottle of volatile to her nose. It was an interesting group.

"Let us not," said Mr. Walker, "intrude upon you: if, however, we can be of any service, pray, command us."

"You are always welcome," replied Mrs. Musgrove; "but, at this moment, you are more particularly so."

The stranger heavily raised her eyes, and again sunk upon the shoulder of Louisa; Margety now came to inform her mistress, that the stranger's bed was ready. Mrs. Musgrove, therefore, knowing the extreme need she stood

in of quietness and rest, without ceremony led her to her chamber.

"Who can this lady possibly be?" said Henry, as soon as the door had closed: "her situation appears to be very forlorn."

"It does indeed," replied Mr. Walker.

"What a gratifying circumstance it must be," continued Henry, "for Mrs. Musgrove to have it in her power to afford protection and to sooth the distress of this poor stranger? I would give the world, that it were in my power to have an opportunity of being serviceable on this occasion."

"As soon as Mrs. Musgrove re-

turns; I have no doubt," replied Mr. Walker, "she will inform us of every thing relative to the stranger; but that information, in all probability, can be only little, as the lady cannot, in her present feeble state, have been very communicative; we then shall be enabled to judge, what is best to be done."

"Louisa, my dear Sir," said Henry, "appeared to have been much affected. I am sure she has a feeling heart."

"Why should she not?" replied Mr. Walker; "she is a very amiable girl, and is a very great favourite of mine."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Musgrove and her niece.

"Now, that I have placed my charge comfortably in bed," said that worthy lady, "and done every thing that was necessary for her, I can give you a more friendly reception than I did on your first entrance. But, really, I felt so much pain and anxiety at the miserable state of that young female, that I fear I was not quite so attentive as I ought to have been."

"Remember, Madam," replied Mr. Walker, "that you were engaged in performing the sacred duties of humanity, and I should have deemed it the most unfortunate moment of my life, had I deprived the stranger, of one atom of that attention, which she

stood so much in need of."—Mrs. Musgrove bowed.

"It must have appeared rather extraordinary to you," said that lady, "to have found a stranger here, benumbed with cold, and indicating every mark of wretchedness. But, to be brief, previous to the violent storm, which has this evening taken place, Louisa espied a boat putting off from a vessel, at a considerable distance, and, as she neared the shore, a female was distinctly to be seen, as one of the party.—The sky, which before had been serene, suddenly assumed a cloudy aspect, and this tremendous gale ensued. For some time it was doubted whether the boat

could ever reach the shore; but Divine Providence interposed, and the whole crew were safely landed. I had dispatched Gregory, to offer any accommodation the cottage afforded to the lady. The terror she had experienced threw her into a state of insensibility, and it has been with extreme difficulty that we have been able to recal her wandering senses. The sailors, who assisted in bringing her hither, are unacquainted with any thing respecting her, that could lead to a discovery of her name, or whither she intended to go, on her landing; and, of course, while she remains in this langnid state, I must forbear to make any enquiries

of her. However, there is little doubt, that, by the morning, she will be tolerably well."

"It is a curious circumstance," said Mr. Walker, "that a female, who appears so young, should be without a protector. Pray, madam, from whence has the vessel come?"

"From Lisbon, the mariners informed me," replied Mrs. Musgrove.

The evening was spent by the party in forming a thousand different conjectures, as to who the stranger was, and what could have caused her, alone, to undertake so long a voyage.

After staying to a late hour, Mr. Walker and Henry took their leave,

promising to call early in the morning. The moon shone bright, and they had but little difficulty in reaching Grove Hall, the seat of Mr. Walker, and Henry lost no time in relating the adventures of the evening to his mother and sister, who had been anxiously expecting their return. At a late hour they retired to rest, full of expectation, that the ensuing morning would clear up the mystery which hung over the fair stranger.

CHAP. II.

The Stranger's Story.

It will be now necessary to inform the reader who the persons were, to whom they have been introduced. Mr. Walker was a gentleman of very large and independent fortune: his family consisted of Mrs. Walker, a very sensible and amiable lady; Henry, his only son, and Harriet, his only daughter. Mr. Walker was a well-informed man, and had lived a great deal in the world; but, unlike many other men, he had not only mixed with society, but he had benefited by that general intercourse:

his manners were polished; his heart would melt at a tale of woe, and his purse was ever open to the needy and distressed; but he always made a point of discriminating between those that actually stood in need of his aid and those who, through idleness, sought a precarious subsistence on the bounty of their fellow-creatures. This gentleman usually spent the summer and the Christmas holidays at Grove Hall, an estate that had been for many years in his family, and the rest of the year at his town residence, in Gloucester Place. Mrs. Walker was a lady highly accomplished, and universally esteemed among her numerous acquaintance. Her

daughter, Harriet, had attained her fifteenth year: this young lady had been entirely educated under the careful eye of her fond mother, and the pains she took to improve herself, amply repaid her parents for their solicitude. Henry was a fine, manly boy, a year older than his sister, and had just left Eton, where he had been for the last five years. Like many other young gentlemen, he had not passed his time in idleness and frivolous dissipation, but he had stored his mind with useful knowledge. Ever alive to the distresses of others, he too frequently allowed himself to be imposed on by the unworthy. When his tutor remonstrated upon this subject,

Henry would respectfully reply, "Is it not better, Sir, that I should be deceived by the specious tales of a dozen such objects, than that one fellow-creature, whose real situation demands assistance, should pass unnoticed?"

The idea was a benevolent one, and did honour to his head and heart.—Mrs. Musgrove was a maiden lady, possessing a very comfortable independance: Cliff Cottage was her favourite habitation, and, not being at a great distance from Grove Hall, a strict intimacy subsisted with Mr. Walker's family; and it was her custom, at stated periods, to visit London, where she had a very handsome house, in Harley

Street; but this house she usually let during her stay at Cliff Cottage. This happened to be one of those periods, when she was about to visit the metropolis: it was to arrange the mode of travelling, that Mr. Walker had promised to call on Mrs. Musgrove on the evening of the tempest; the two families having agreed to make that journey together.

Louisa was a niece of Mrs. Musgrove's, the daughter of her only brother, who died a widower. From that melancholy period Mrs. Musgrove had considered her as her child, and had given her a most excellent education. Such were the families of Walker and

Musgrove. A congeniality of sentiment had united them in the bonds of friendship, and it promised to terminate only with their existence.

The next morning, as soon as Mr. Walker and Henry had breakfasted, they set out for Cliff Cottage, where they arrived after a pleasant walk. They found the whole party assembled, and, as Mrs. Musgrove had foretold, the stranger, from a good night's rest, had recovered from the terror and fatigue she had experienced.

After mutual kind enquiries, Mrs. Musgrove said, turning to the stranger, "this is the gentleman whom you saw here last night, and who, I am

convinced, feels as much interested as I do, in your fate." The stranger bowed.—"This lady, Sir," continued Mrs. Musgrove, to Mr. Walker, "has promised to favour me with a recital of her little history, and, knowing you would soon be here, I have prevailed upon her to postpone it until your arrival."—The stranger began as follows;

"The friendly attention, Madam, that I have received from you, since my short stay under your hospitable roof, emboldens me, without reserve, to lay my whole heart open to you. I shall nothing extenuate; my story is but short; yet it contains one continued series of misfortunes. My family

name is Mordaunt. From my childhood I was petted by my father and mother, who lavished every indulgence on me, thinking by that means to make me happy. I was constantly at balls, routs, and operas, until my health received so rude a shock from this perpetual round of dissipation, that the physicians candidly acquainted my parents, that, unless a stop was put to this mode of life, I should fall an early victim to a consumption, which was rapidly destroying my constitution.

"After various struggles on my part to avert the temporary seclusion, as I termed it, that was recommended, Clifton was fixed upon as a place most

likely to re-establish my health. On quitting London, I thought it the most gloomy day of my life, and so, in reality, it was; for, until that period, I never had a wish ungratified.

"The beautiful walks which surround Clifton were entirely lost upon me. I had no relish for rural amusements; books I had been little in the habits of perusing, and whenever I found myself compelled to take one up, instead of affording me pleasure, it became an irksome task.

"At all public places acquaintances are easily made, and, though quiet was our chief object, yet we were too much accustomed to society, altogether to

withdraw from it. Among the number of our visiters was a Captain Raymond: his external appearance was prepossessing in the extreme; but, upon a more intimate knowledge of him, you became delighted with the beauties of his mind. This young gentleman paid me the most marked attention, and it is not to be considered extraordinary, that a mutual passion should have taken place.

"To be brief; my father discovered the existence of our partiality: he enquired of me what had passed between Captain Raymond and myself. I ingenuously informed him, that Captain Raymond had made me the most disin-

terested offers of marriage. He shook his head, and, without saying any more on the subject, left me. On his return to dinner, I thought I perceived an unusual degree of gloom over his countenance: little at the moment did I suspect the cause of it. As soon as the cloth was removed and the servants had withdrawn, my father, in a serious and firm tone, addressed me, nearly in the following words:—

"Isabella, my dear," for that is my Christian name, "nothing grieves me more, than that I should be compelled to give you pain; but the sacred duty of a parent demands, that I should watch over you, and shield you, in

case of necessity, from impending ruin; and should I, in the execution of that duty, appear harsh, it springs from no other motive, than the desire I have of making you happy. When I this morning parted from you, after the explanation which ensued, I called on Captain Raymond, who very fairly stated to me, that he was entirely dependant on his commission, and quite a soldier of fortune. As your views in life, my dear Isabella, are much higher, I have therefore totally declined the honour Captain Raymond intended my family, by wishing to become a member of it, and I therefore request, that you will give up all thoughts of him; for a union between

you, under his present circumstances, never can take place."

"This information came like a thunderbolt: I could only answer my father with my tears. I intended strictly, at that moment, to follow the injunctions of my much-loved parent, but, after a few private interviews with Raymond, he prevailed upon me to elope with him, and we were married.

"I fondly induged in the hope, that, as soon as my father found the step I had taken was irretrievable, he would forgive me, and I should again be restored to his former favour; but I had yet to learn the resentment of a justly-offended parent; yes, that parent who,

only a few weeks before, would have done every thing to gratify my minutest wishes, refused to see me, I was turned from the door, like a wretched outcast——."

"Here Isabella's feelings became too great for her to proceed; the bitter recollection of once happy days completely overpowered her and choked her utterance: she hid her face with her hands and sobbed convulsively—not a syllable escaped from the lips of any one of the party. Mrs. Musgrove was leaning her elbow on the table, her cheek rested on her hand, her countenance was not expressive of anger, but there was a mixture of pity and com-

passion in it, that indicated how much she felt at the tale of Isabella. Some little time elapsed before Isabella had sufficiently collected herself, to resume her story. As she raised her head, her eyes met those of Mrs. Musgrove.—"Judge not, Madam," said she, "harshly of me; remember, that, 'to err is human, to forgive divine.' But to my story. Raymond treated me with every mark of affection, and I can, in justice to his memory, say, that in no one instance did he ever behave towards me, but with the utmost tenderness and kindness.

"The period now arrived, when I was to experience the bitter reverse that

had taken place in my situation. Raymond's leave of absence had expired, and he received a peremptory order to join his regiment, which was on service in Portugal. I had no resource but to accompany him. Inclination would have led me not to be separated from him, though the delicate state of my health still required the utmost attention; but I had no friendly roof to receive me, and dire necessity compelled me to undertake the voyage.

"Having arranged every thing, I wrote a farewell letter to my father; for, though he had behaved with great severity towards me, I still loved and respected him. I was conscious, that I

was in error, therefore it was my duty patiently to submit to his will.

"We embarked at Portsmouth, and arrived at Lisbon, after a quick and prosperous passage. The gaiety of this city, the number of people who perpetually crowd the streets, the beauty of the climate, all conspire to infuse a degree of cheerfulness into the heart, and I, for a moment, forgot the sorrows that had weighed so heavily on me. The calm, the peaceful tranquillity I enjoyed was but as a fleeting cloud. Parties of soldiers, for the different regiments on the frontiers, were ordered immediately to join, and Raymond was among the number of

those officers who were destined to take charge of them.

"I shall not trouble you with a recital of the pain I experienced at his departure: the luckless day arrived: Raymond bid me a tender farewell, and, from that hour, I never again beheld him. The Portuguese family, in which I was, used every exertion to chase away the gloom which evidently hung over me. Had it not been for these kind and friendly creatures, I should now have, perhaps, been numbered with the dead.

"As soon as Raymond arrived at his regiment, he wrote to me, holding out the illusive prospect, that we should

shortly meet again; but, by the same post that brought his letter, intelligence was received, that the enemy were fast advancing, and that a general engagement might be daily expected. My heart at this was wrung with anguish; my imagination painted to me, Raymond, my husband, my much-loved husband, bleeding and weltering in his blood.

"At length the news arrived, that the two contending armies had met, a sanguinary battle had been fought, and the British arms had triumphed; but, in the general scene of joy, which this victory caused, the lamentations of the orphan and the widow were unheeded. My fears for the safety of

Raymond preyed so much upon my spirits, that I sought, in solitude, to compose my agitation; but even in my retirement, I was doomed to feel the keenest anguish. Raymond had fallen; a cruel ball had pierced his breast, and I was left an outcast on an unfeeling world.

"Excuse my tears; they are the only tribute I now can offer to my departed husband. Raymond's name has not been returned among the killed, but it appears he fell, severely wounded, and it not being practicable to bear him immediately off the field, a shell, which had been thrown by the enemy, set fire to the dry grass, and it is supposed that he must have been burnt,

as his body was sought for the day after the action, and no vestige of it could be discovered.

"This last blow was too great for me to sustain; a dangerous illness seized me, which brought me to the verge of the grave; but the Almighty, for some wise purpose, spared my life. As soon as my health was sufficiently re-established, I collected what little property I had left, and procured a passage, in one of the transports, about to sail, for this country. Yesterday the vessel made this coast, and I delayed not a moment, in taking advantage of a boat which was coming on shore: the rest of my story you are acquainted with.

"Look with mildness, I beseech you, on my faults; and though I have been guilty of errors, yet vice is a stranger to me. You, young gentleman and lady," continued Isabella, addressing herself to Henry and Louisa, "see before you a striking instance of disobedience. My father, more experienced than myself in the world, clearly foresaw, that, without a competency, even with an amiable man, wretchedness must be my portion. I rejected his advice, and I have woefully felt the effects of my rashness. Let this be a lesson to you, to love, to reverence, and to obey your parents."

When Isabella concluded her tale,

silence for a long time ensued, and each seemed unwilling to break it. At length. Mrs. Musgrove enquired. "Pray, Mrs. Raymond, have you never heard of your father?"

"No Madam," replied Mrs. Raymond; "I have never had any communication with this country since I quitted it."

Again a pause ensued.

"If Mrs. Raymond," said Mr. Walker, "will excuse the liberty I am about to take, in asking her what her present intentions are, we might then be able to form a better judgment, how far we can serve her, and what would be the best line of conduct to pursue."

"My plan, Sir," replied Mrs. Raymond, "was to proceed to London, for the purpose of procuring the annuity and allowances to which I am entitled from government, as the widow of an officer, who has fallen in the field of battle, and also to find my father, to throw myself at his feet, and implore his forgiveness."

"In all these," said Mr. Walker, "it is probable I might be able to serve you. I will wait on your father, and try how far my intercession can avail, if it meet with your approbation. I have also a friend in the War-office, who will, I am certain, be happy in rendering you every assistance that can fer-

ward your business in that department."

Mrs. Raymond returned her warmest thanks to Mr. Walker for his friendly offers, and gratefully accepted them.

"To morrow," said Mrs. Musgrove, "we had fixed upon to commence our journey to London. If, Mrs. Raymond, you feel yourself sufficiently recovered, we will not put off the day; but if you conceive the fatigue will be too great for you, after your recent severe trial, a few days delay can be of no consequence to us. I have further to request, you will accept a seat in my carriage, and that you will consider my house as your home, until every thing

is arranged to your entire satisfaction.

"Then, Madam said Henry, you have not left any thing either for my father, my mother, my sister, or myself to do for Mrs. Raymond."

"You mistake, my young friend," replied Mrs. Musgrove: "I have left every thing for your benevolent father to do. Where can there be a more grateful task, than that of reconciling a beloved parent to a child? and I know no one better calculated for such an undertaking than Mr. Walker."

Every thing being settled to commence the journey on the ensuing morning, Mr. Walker and Henry took their leave, and returned to Grove Hall,

where the story of Mrs. Raymond was again related, and fully canvassed by the party: this, and preparations for their departure from Grove Hall, occupied them the remainder of the day.

CHAP. III.

Haût Ton.

EARLY in the morning, the whole party assembled at Grove Hall, and, after breakfast, set off for the metropolis, and in the due course of time, arrived safe at their place of destination. A few days after Mr. Walker's family had arrived in town, and were quite settled, Henry informed his father, that he intended to attempt to carry his plan into effect, of raising a subscription, among those schoolfellows whom he should meet about the town, for the be-

nefit of a poor woman, who had suffered a variety of misfortunes. Mr. Walker applauded his design, and Henry, soon after breakfast, went out to put his charitable scheme in execution.

He went down Bond Street and turned in to a fruiterers, where the gay usually lounge away half the morning. He had not long seated himself, before two young sparks came in.

"Well, Dick," said one of these young gentlemen, "what will you have?"

"Any thing," replied Dick.

"Pray," said the first young gentleman, whose name was Trevor, "Mr. Thingumbob, for my memory is so slip-

pery, I quite forget your name, what is the price of these oranges?"

"Eighteen pence each," replied the fruiterer.

Dick and his friend Trevor immediately commenced hostility against the oranges, little considering, that, at almost every mouthful, they were swallowing eighteen pence. While they were thus engaged, vieing with each other who should eat most, another youth joined them.

"Ah! ha!" vociferated Dick, "I am glad to see you, Will. I perceived you driving your father's barouche yesterday; you were quite *hang up*."

"Then," replied Trevor, "you saw

him in a very different situation to what I did; for he was *bang down*—a clean upset, barouche and all."—Here the young gentlemen all laughed.

"Think what you will," said Will, "I was not so badly off as Sam Tryatall; for he was *bang in;* that is to say, he got a banging or a threshing."

"It is lucky," said Trevor, dryly, "that you explained your attempt at wit, or no one would have understood it; but, pray, let us hear the cause of Sam's *banging*."

"The fact is this," replied Will, "Sam is always trying to do every thing, and, among other things, he has

taken four or five lessons in the science of bruising; he therefore thinks himself a complete boxer. In passing through Charing Cross, yesterday, a butcher's boy ran his tray against him: the boy civilly begged pardon, but Sam, in his passion, pushed the tray off the boy's shoulder: he resented this, and a fisty contest ensued, in which Sam received a drubbing: one of his teeth has been loosened, and he has a black eye."

This elaborate harangue was no sooner concluded, than in walked Sam, with a large horsewhip in one hand, and a black patch over one eye, which nearly concealed half of his face, and the other half was any other colour but white.

Sam was nothing abashed at this; he was too well versed in the manners of the haut ton, to regard appearances; and he thought it more a feather in his cap, to have fought a poor boy, who was so much beneath him, than a disgrace.

Henry, who was well acquainted with Sam, and who always thought him a good-hearted lad, though much tainted with the follies and frivolities of the day, conceived this a good opportunity, while he was smarting under the effects of his late beating, to make an appeal to his feelings in behalf of the poor woman, whose cause he had so warmly espoused: Henry therefore came forward and accosted Sam.

When their mutual enquiries had ceased, Henry took a paper from his pocket-book, and, holding it towards Sam, said, "this is a list of the names of a few friends of mine, who have kindly come forward to assist a poor woman, who is a real object of distress; I therefore request you will do me the favour to add your name to the number. Could you but witness the misery of this poor family, I am convinced you would not, for a moment, hesitate."

During this short address of Henry's, Sam viewed him attentively; then, coolly taking his handkerchief, he passed it over the livid half of his face, advanced his right foot, in a theatrical tone, and exclaimed,

"It grieves me much, replied the peer again,
That he who speaks so well, should speak in vain."

"All my spare cash," continued he, "I mean to lay out on a pointer puppy, which I have engaged to purchase." Sam then coolly turned upon his heel and walked out of the shop.

How, gentle reader, shall I describe the astonishment of Henry? He stood with the unfolded paper still in his hand, as if in the act of presenting it to some one; his countenance bore the marks of chagrin and disappointment. It is impossible to ascertain how long Henry would have remained in this posture, had he not been roused by the rude and

boisterous mirth of the remaining young gentlemen. The awkwardness of his situation immediately struck him, and, casting a look of contempt on the party, he darted out of the fruiterers.

I must now, for a moment, beg leave to digress, for the purpose of informing those readers, who do not profess to be acquainted with the haût ton, that it is perfectly according to rule, to dress like your groom, and to ape his manners. Tom, Dick, Harry, and Jack is the familiar style in which these tonish sparks address each other. It is a pity, when they leave their stables and their horses, that they do not also leave there the manners of their grooms and jockies,

and, on being admitted to the society of a drawing-room, attempt to play the character of a gentleman.

Henry reached Gloster Place time enough, before dinner, to change his dress, mortified and dejected at the ill success he had met with in his first essay. Mr. Walker enquired of Henry the cause of his lowness of spirits, and he frankly related all that had passed.

Early the ensuing morning the party set off for Richmond, to view that beautiful place. Mrs. Raymond declined making one of the number. The greater part of the day was spent in rambling over the Park, and in admiring the beautiful prospects, which

abound, from the hill. Henry, Louisa, and Harriet walked through the town to the water-side, while the elder branches of the party returned to the inn to rest themselves. The first person they beheld, on reaching the banks of the river, was Sam Tryatall, standing in the middle of a small boat, busying himself in fixing the mast and hoisting the sail, and, a few paces farther, stood the same group that Henry had seen in the fruit shop.

"You had better not attempt to sail," called out Trevor; "the wind is too high; and, besides, that boat is not calculated for the purpose."

"Do not trouble yourself about me,"

said Sam; "I am not to be frightened."

The boat, during this short dialogue, had drifted from the shore.

"Here I go, my boys," vociferated Sam; "here I go."

While in this unsteady state, the wind suddenly took the boat, and upset it, and he verified his own words.

Sam quickly rose to the surface of the water: for some time he boldly contended against the current; but, at length, becoming exhausted, he feebly cried out, "Oh, save me, save me; for I sink!"

All his companions, at this exclamation, looked at each other with sur-

prise, but not one of them had the resolution to fly to his assistance. Henry, ever active in the cause of humanity, and banishing, at that moment, any resentment he had felt in his breast at the conduct of Tryatall, rushed forward, sprang into the river, and, in a moment, had reached the drowning youth. He seized him by the hair, and dragged him to the shore. By this time a great many people had collected, and some of them assisted in conveying Sam to a neighbouring house, when, after disgorging a great quantity of water, life again returned.

Louisa and Harriet remained in the utmost state of anxiety on Henry's ac-

count: they feared lest his remaining so long in wet clothes might injure his health, and they did not wish to return to the inn without him, as it might have alarmed Mr. and Mrs. Walker.—Henry would not leave Tryatah until he was assured there was no danger: he then sought his sister and Louisa, whom he found near the same spot where he had left them. Regardless of his wet clothes, regardless of the place they were in, these two amiable girls, giving way to the affectionate impulse of their feelings, lavished on him every mark of tenderness and love.

The busy tongue of rumor had already spread the report of the ac-

cident which had happened, and Mr. Walker was just leaving the inn, to ascertain the fact, when the trio made their appearance. The wet condition his son was in, at first, somewhat astonished him; but, as soon as he understood the cause of it, he could not do otherwise than add his tribute of applause. Henry, however, was obliged to go to bed, until fresh clothes could be procured for him. The conversation naturally turned upon the heroic action Henry had performed, and, as is generally the case, whenever these occurrences take place, a variety of anecdotes were related. Mr. Walker mentioned the following one:

"The Africans besieged the town of Tariffa, in the South of Spain: Alphonso de Gusman was governor of it, and he gave an example of heroism, worthy of ancient Rome; but which, perhaps, ought not to be judged by the tender and feeling parent. The son of Gusman having been taken in a sortie, the besiegers conducted him under the walls, and threatened the governor, that they would put him to death, if he did not that instant surrender. Gusman, in answer, threw them a poniard, and retired within the fortress. A moment after he heard a loud cry of distress; he ran to enquire the cause of it, when he was informed, that the Africans were putting his son to death.

"God be praised!" said he, "I thought the town had been taken."

"I acknowledge," said Mrs. Musgrove, "that he acted heroically, but, at the same time, I think that his exclamation was rather unfeeling."

"It may," said Mr. Walker, "appear so, on the first view; but the governor, being a man of nice honour, preferred the welfare of the citizens, whose town he was appointed to defend, to his private feelings. I think, however, I recollect reading of an act of heroism performed by a female, which surpasses the one I have just related: it not only displays great patriotism, but a degree of magnanimity

seldom to be equalled. I will give it you in the author's words:

"During the war of the Confederacy, Bain, governor of Leucate, a small town of Lower Languedoc, was taken prisoner by the Confederates; Constance, his wife, was at that period at Montpelier, her native place. As soon as she was informed of this misfortune, she embarked at Maguelonne, and repaired to Leucate: by her presence she animated the drooping spirits of the garrison, and prepared for the most vigorous defence. The Confederates and the Spaniards attacked her; but Constance rendered all their efforts useless. The cowardly besiegers, irritated at a re-

sistance which they ought to have admired, erected a gibbet and threatened the heroine, that they would hang her husband on it, if she did not yield up the town. Constance, at this horrible alternative, offered all her property, and even herself, for the ransom of her husband."

"My fortune and my life are my own," said she; "I give them willingly for my husband; but the town is the king's, and my reputation I hold as sacred: I ought to preserve them to my latest breath."

"The besiegers had the atrocity to hang her husband, and sent her his body. The garrison prayed their ge-

nerous commander to deliver up to them a prisoner of distinction, that the Duke of Montmorenci had sent, for them to retaliate on. Constance refused to deliver him up, and revenged herself more nobly on her enemies, in forcing them to raise the siege. Henry IV. in gratitude, made Constance *Governor* of Leucate until the majority of her son, Hercules. This horrible and sublime action happened in the year 1590."

"It was indeed," said Mrs. Musgrove, "a noble act of heroism—I am at a loss which to admire most; her fortitude, in not yielding the town, when she must have been confident

that it would be certain destruction to her husband; or her firmness in refusing to suffer retaliation."

"I should hardly have supposed," said Louisa, "that a female could have been capable of so much intrepidity."

"Females," replied Mr. Walker, "are capable of performing great and noble actions, and of making great sacrifices."

Thus passed the evening in rational conversation. Mr. Walker had sent to enquire how Sam Tryatall was, and the messenger returned with an answer, that all the young gentlemen had set off for town together. Henry's clothes having been thoroughly dried, the car-

riages were ordered, and, happy in the society of each other, they returned to Gloster Place, to a late supper.

CHAP. IV.

The Interview.

In the midst of all this amusement, Mr. Walker had not forgotten his promise, to Mrs. Raymond, of interceding in her behalf with her father; that gentleman had called several times, and had been informed, that he was some miles out of town, at his villa. To prevent, therefore, any further delay on the subject, Mr. Walker and Henry mounted their horses, and rode down to Mr. Mordaunt's villa: they were politely received. The subject was rather a

delicate one. Mr. Mordaunt, after a short pause, said, "I have been informed by my servant, who is left in charge of my house in town, that you have frequently done me the honour to call, and as I am totally a stranger to your name, may I request to know, to what circumstance I am indebted for this visit?"

"You have, Sir," replied Mr. Walker, "a daughter ——"

"A daughter! Sir," exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt. "I had *once* a daughter; one whom I loved most tenderly, one on whom my fondest hopes were placed."

"That child," said Mr. Walker,

"acknowledges the kindness and affection with which you always treated her, and repentantly sues for a reconciliation."

"Never, never, Sir," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "will I again receive her. I fostered her from her cradle in my bosom, and she has stung me like a viper.—Oh! Isabella, Isabella, how could you thus cruelly rend the heart of your affectionate father!" Here Mr. Mordaunt wept: Mr. Walker was glad to see his tears flow.

"I hope you will reverse the dreadful sentence you have just pronounced," said Mr. Walker. "I am a father, Sir, and Heaven forbid that, for one error,

I should turn my child from my door, to seek an asylum among strangers. The idea would be too tormenting to me."

"Then, Sir," replied Mr. Mordaunt, sternly, "you would encourage disobedience."

"No," said Mr. Walker, "I would not encourage disobedience, but I conceive, that the punishment should be commensurate to the crime. To cast a child from the affections requires more sternness of nature than I possess. What, Sir, do you promise yourself by persisting in your resentment? You say you love your daughter, and, at the very moment that you are express-

ing the tenderest regret, at her dereliction of duty, she might be expiring from want. It is but a poor revenge, to say, Behold that wretched object, I have withdrawn from her my protection, and it has plunged her into an abyss of misery. What clemency can you expect at the throne of Mercy, who refuse to show any. Remember the words of the Universal Prayer,

"That mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me."

"What object have you, Sir," said Mr. Mordaunt, "in pleading so earnestly in behalf of my daughter?"

"No other," replied Mr. Walker, "than that of humanity, and the

strong desire I feel to restore an affectionate daughter to her parent. I was in hopes that reflection would, by this time, have softened that resentment, which you have shown towards Mrs. Raymond; but, Sir, as I find that you are inflexible on this subject, I must for the present take my leave of you."

Here Mr. Walker and Henry rose.

"Stay one moment," said Mr. Mordaunt. Mr. Walker reseated himself. "Can you give me any information," continued Mr. Mordaunt, "respecting Isabella?"

"I can," replied Mr. Walker, "and would have done so, but I conceived it unnecessary to trouble you with any

account of her, as you evinced so decided a determination, never again to admit her into the bosom of your family."

"Distress me no more;" exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt; "tell me how and where she is."

Mr. Walker then related the whole of Isabella's history, as recounted by herself; at the conclusion of it, Henry rose from his chair, and, taking the hand of Mr. Mordaunt, said,

"My father, Sir, has been a faithful narrator of Mrs. Raymond's misfortunes; but no language can convey an idea of the tenderness she expressed for you: she acknowledged herself in er-

ror, and you to be a most worthy parent. Had you but seen the tears of contrition which she shed, you would, in a moment, have forgotten every thing, and again restored her to your affections."

Henry, during this appeal, looked earnestly at Mr. Mordaunt: his generous countenance was the index of his mind.

"Indeed, indeed," ejaculated Mr. Mordaunt, "Isabella has chosen a most able advocate: but, young gentleman, I shall take till to-morrow, to weigh every circumstance, and I will either call, or make known my decision to your father by letter."

Mr. Mordaunt warmly pressed Henry's hand, as he concluded, and he immediately after took his leave with his father.

On their return to town, Mr. Walker called in at the War-office, to learn from his friend, to whom he had spoken on Mrs. Raymond's behalf, if any thing had been done in that lady's business. While waiting for an interview with the gentleman, the name of Raymond was repeatedly pronounced. This circumstance attracted the attention of Mr. Walker and Henry, and, in a moment afterwards, they heard one of the attendants called and directed to show Captain Raymond the way to one of

the offices which he wished to find.

The similarity of the name and rank struck Mr. Walker so forcibly, that, by an irresistible impulse, he went up to him, and, after apologising for the liberty he was about to take, he requested to know if he belonged to the —— regiment, (specifying the particular corps.)

"I do, Sir," answered Captain Raymond.

"And you were wounded at the battle of ————," continued Mr. Walker.

"I was," replied Captain Raymond.

"You are married to Isabella Mordaunt," still continued Mr. Walker.

"Alas! I am, Sir," replied Captain Raymond.

"Then," said Mr. Walker, "there can be no doubt, but you are the person whom I first took you to be. Make your mind easy with respect to Mrs. Raymond; I can give you very satisfactory information on that head."

"You will indeed set my heart at rest," replied Raymond, "by so doing; for I am now in search of my lost Isabella."

"If you will accompany me," said Mr. Walker, "I will explain every thing."

On their arrival at Gloster Place, they found Mrs. Musgrove there, and

with her Mrs. Raymond. This much perplexed Mr. Walker, but, conducting Captain Raymond into his library, he briefly informed him of every circumstance.

"I must now leave you," said Mr. Walker, "to break the intelligence, of having met with you, to Mrs. Raymond."

That gentleman proceeded to the drawing-room, and, on his entrance, said, "I have some pleasing intelligence for you, Mrs. Raymond."

"From my father, or the War-office?" said that lady.

"From all quarters," replied he. "I shall hear to-morrow from your fa-

ther; but I heard a circumstance to-day, which induces me to think, that your husband was not mortally wounded, and that he was rescued from the fate you seem to think he met."

"Is that possible!" exclaimed she.

"Very possible," replied Mr. Walker. "By your own account, you state, that the fact of his death was on supposition, and I have it from the best authority, that he is actually alive."

"Heaven be praised!" said she; "but such intelligence would be too soothing to the woes of Isabella to be true."

"Do not agitate yourself thus," replied Mr. Walker: "I have news still

more pleasing; but unless you compose yourself, I dare not impart it."

Tell me, oh, tell me!" exclaimed she; "is it respecting Raymond? Relieve my agonised bosom, by saying all."

"Raymond is alive; Raymond at this moment is in England."

"In England!" ejaculated Mrs. Raymond: that cannot be.—Do not mock me; sport not with my feelings. It is the hapless Isabella sues for mercy: in pity spare me."

Mr. Walker took her hand: "Not for kingdoms would I wound your sensibility; but I expected more firmness;

and, until you can acquire it, I must be silent."

"I will be collected," replied Mrs. Raymond.

"Then, Madam," said Mr. Walker. "Raymond is not only living, but in this very house!"

She stood for a moment, with her eyes fixed on Mr. Walker: He trembled lest the seat of reason might be shook, at the abruptness of his information.

"Where is he?" at length she wildly exclaimed. "Do not keep me from him! Where art thou, Raymond?"

The door was at this instant violent-

ly thrown open, and Raymond rushed into the arms of Isabella.

Here let us draw a veil over the tender interview which ensued, and, in the course of a few hours, the happy Raymond and his wife were restored, in some measure, to their usual degree of tranquillity. In the evening, while sitting round the cheerful blaze of the fire, Mr. Walker requested of Captain Raymond an account of his fortunate escape: he readily complied, in the following words:

CHAP. V.

Captain Raymond's Story.

"THE first part of my history being well known to you, I shall therefore pass it over in silence. On that day, which terminated so gloriously to the British arms, but so fatal to many of my countrymen, I was wounded by a ball in my breast; the blood flowed copiously, and I must have remained a considerable time in a state of insensibility. The first object which struck me, when I came to myself, was the dry grass on fire, which was burning

in every direction, and the flames were rapidly approaching me. I therefore found it necessary to exert my remaining strength, to save myself from inevitable destruction. With great pain and difficulty, I crawled to a neighbouring wood, but it was unfortunately in the direction the enemy had taken, and, during the night, I was discovered by a straggling party of them, who immediately seized me as their prisoner. My wound was not so dangerous as I apprehended, and I soon became sufficiently recovered to move about.

"It so happened, that I was carried to Granada, a large city, in the south

of Spain. I could not help feeling a degree of awe, when I found myself in this ancient capital of the Moorish kings. In this vast and extensive city, I was so fortunate as to form an acquaintance with a very enlightened Spaniard, and who was accustomed to pass much of his time with me, and who beguiled many tedious hours in relating various traditions, that have been handed down to posterity, respecting the siege of this place: among other things, he told me the following tale, which, as it might be of some amusement, as well as information, to the younger part of this society, it being a very natural picture of the pas-

toral life led by some of the tribes in Africa, I beg leave to narrate it.

"When the Spaniards, under the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, besieged Granada, it chanced that, as Fernandez Cortez, whose name has since been so well known in history, for his cruelty in South America, was returning to the camp, having been sent out to discover if any flying parties of the enemy were in the neighbourhood, he met with a young African, whom he took as his prisoner, but not until he was overpowered by numbers; having gallantly defended himself.

The grief and regret he evinced at

this misfortune, induced Fernandez Cortez to draw from him the cause.—Yezid (the name of the young African) was born among those pastoral people, who, without towns, or fixed residences, live in tents with their flocks, transporting their camp from pasture to pasture, and wandering in the deserts. Living in this rural manner, after the custom of their ancestors, each tribe, separately, incloses his flocks, surrounded with tents, spun from the hair of the camel. Their chief dispenses justice, and their code of laws is reduced to this simple maxim; "*be happy, without injuring any one.*" Their property consists in camels, by whose indefati-

gable swiftness, they can be transported, in one day, two hundred miles; in coursers, inestimable for their courage, their sagacity, their attachments to their masters, to whom they become the most dear companion; in flocks, whose fine wool is their only clothing, and whose delicious milk their only drink.

"Hospitable in the extreme, they conceive the person of every stranger, even though a common enemy, who passes the threshold of their tents, as sacred. The chiefs of each family eagerly dispute who shall have the honour of entertaining him. It is their custom never to take their repast within their tents; their food is placed

at the entrance, and the master, before he takes his place, cries out three times,—

"In the name of God, Father of Mankind, if there be a traveller, a poor man, or an unfortunate, let him come and partake of my food: let him pour his sorrows into my ear, and receive the balm of consolation."

"It was in the midst of these deserts that Yezid came into the world, to love Moriame, the most beautiful and chaste of the girls of his tribe.—Moriame, (who was bequeathed to his father by his best friend,) was brought up with him from his infancy. Their passion increased with their years,

which was approved by the father of Yezid. Before he attained his twelfth year, his father taught him how to throw the javelin, vault upon his courser, and urge him over the sandy plain. Moriame, who never would leave him, was induced to learn the same exercises, (fancying she liked them,) through her affection to him. Habited in a tunic, fastened by clasps of gold, a bow in her hand, a quiver over her shoulder, she accompanied Yezid wherever he went. Sometimes they left their flocks to follow the speedy ostrich, the dangerous jackal, or the perfumed civet. Moriame pierced them with her arrows, and Yezid celebrated her prowess.

"When arrived at a proper age, Yezid and Moriame were married. But, alas! the sounds of the trumpet succeeded the songs of harmony and love. Their marriage was hardly completed, when the ambassadors of the king of Granada arrived, and demanded of this tribe, in the name of the Prophet, to take up arms in the cause of God.

"Children of the deserts," said they, "your brothers of Granada implore your assistance: that superb capital, that only relic of their conquests, will fall into the power of the Christians. The enemies of your faith, from the extremities of Spain, have united under its walls. Masters of this city, they

will pass into Africa, they will come and burn your large towns, they will reduce your mosques, they will massacre your priests, and, penetrating even to the deserts, they will carry fire and sword into your peaceable camp."

"These words inflamed the youth, and persuaded the old men. The father of Yezid, chief of his tribe, according to the advice of the ambassadors, decided that the most chosen of their warriors should march to the succour of Granada.

"Quickly the cry of war spread through the camp:—To arms! Mussulmen; to arms! to horse! Children of the deserts; and may your zeal for

your God guide you in the battle! may victory sit triumphant on your lances!"

"In an instant ten thousand warriors were on their rapid coursers. The father of Yezid chose six thousand of them, and gave him the command.

"Moriame, trembling and frightened, threw herself at his feet, and supplicated him to permit her to accompany Yezid. Brought up to the use of arms, she was not only worthy of following, but of leading.

"The father of Yezid, for some time, hesitated; but, at length, her prayers prevailed over his tenderness, and Moriame departed with him. It would be tedious to repeat their adieus

to this venerable old man: but, said he, at their departure,

"Oh, Yezid, your bride, Moriame, is not capable of following you, and yet she persists in so doing: her destruction will be imputed to you, for you cannot always pursue her steps, and your imprudence will send to the tomb your wife and father. Be careful of your life, my dear Yezid.—Remember, that my paternal eyes will follow you in the battle; that my anxious mind will never allow you to be absent from my memory for a moment; that the spear which enters your heart, will at the same instant pierce mine."

"After a prosperous voyage, the

troops arrived at the port of Almeria, and marched to Granada, that superb city, which they had come to succour. The king was lavish of his caresses, and distributed the Africans among the richest citizens, and even desired that his palace should be the asylum of Yezid and his wife. But Granada soon became odious to them. The sight of a ferocious despot, surrounded by a corrupt court; the public contempt of morals, of those morals, so revered in their sandy deserts, disgusted the lovely Moriame. She wished to return to Africa: she entreated him every day to take her from so impious a court: or, at all events, to

place her at a distance from that king, who knew neither restraint nor remorse.

"An opportunity soon offered.—The Moorish general received information, that the Spaniards meditated an attack upon Carthame, a town where a celebrated tribe had taken refuge. This town was in want of succours, though deemed impregnable. The tribe, who defended it, irritated for a long time against the Granadines, were unwilling to receive within their walls any but foreign troops. The general requested Yezid to permit Moriame to march there with a thousand Africans.

"The idea of this separation made

Yezid tremble: he could not leave the rest of his cavaliers, and he felt that he must be miserable, in living at a distance from Moriame: but the desire she testified in flying from the king and his court, the high character the Moorish general gave of the virtue of the tribe who defended Carthame, and the fidelity of his companions, who would have died to a man for Moriame, at length determined him, and Moriame marched with succours to Carthame.

"Osman, the perfidious Osman, governor of that city, invited Yezid often to go and visit the object of his love. He became a little tranquillized at this, and almost every night departed alone

from Granada, upon his faithful courser, and spent some time near his dear wife. These frequent interviews ameliorated the pains of absence, and eased the torments of existing at a distance from Moriame. But Yezid, in the midst of this fancied security and happiness, received intelligence, that the insidious Osman dared to raise his thoughts towards Moriame, and declared to her his passion.

"No crime is considered so great in the eyes of an African, as that of endeavouring to rob him of the affections of his wife or mistress: no vengeance is prohibited or considered adequate to this gross insult. Mild and hospitable, he

becomes more ferocious, more barbarous, and more sanguinary than the lions of the desert, as soon as an attempt is made to snatch the object of his tenderness from him.

"As soon as Yezid became informed of the crime of Osman, he resolved to repair to Carthame, to remain near Moriame, that he might seek an opportunity of revenging himself on the perfidious Osman, and he was on his road to Carthame, for that purpose, when he was taken prisoner.

"Such," said Yezid to Fernandez, "are the circumstances which cause my distress. Moriame expects me, and I am a captive: Osman is near Mo-

riame. I am in the fetters of the Spaniards, and are you surprised at my tears?"

"Let them cease to flow," replied Fernandez: "I will fly to the king, and request that you may be liberated. My own courser shall convey you to Carthame, and you will see Moriame by the break of day."

"By this time they had reached the entrenchments, and Fernandez conducted the prisoner to his tent, leaving him to the care of his attendants, and bestowing on him every assistance he would have given to his brother, and; while the attendants were eager about the African, Fernandez sought the king,

to report the events of the night to him: he was at that moment in council, and the great interests of the nation, which were in agitation, prevented Fernandez from conferring with him, and Yezid waited in anxious expectation the return of Fernandez.

"In the mean time, the courser of Yezid, which had escaped, when his master was taken prisoner, impelled by terror, galloped towards Carthame, (being accustomed to that road,) where Moriame, in fear, waited for her husband. The hours rapidly chased each other: she counted each sorrowful moment; but, alas! Yezid did not appear. Ideas the most horrible crowded on

her; a chilling fear seized her mind; a dreadful foreboding caused her to weep and tremble, and, being no longer able to support the cruel suspense which she experienced, she formed the resolution of going herself to meet her dear Yezid. Better to deceive the guards at the gate, she armed herself in a warrior's dress, of one of the tribe who remained in Carthame. She passed through the town, on horseback, and feigning she carried an order from Osman, she was permitted to go through the barrier; and then took the road to Granada, straining her lovely eyes, (dimmed with tears,) in search of her husband. She had not advanced far,

ere she heard distant sounds. She listened attentively, not daring to breathe. She perceived a courser advancing;—her heart palpitated;—she trembled;—she recognised the faithful courser of her beloved Yezid. She immediately doubted not, but that he had fallen by the hand of some barbarous Spaniard.

"Wild, through grief, fear, and love, Moriame vaulted upon the courser, and abandoned herself to his guidance, and he conveyed her to the spot where her husband had been taken. She looked around, and saw a Spaniard, who had been wounded by Yezid; she conjured him, not to disguise any thing

from her, but to confirm, or end, the cruel suspense she felt.

"The soldier, touched with her grief, informed her, that he had fallen under the arm of an African, who, alone, had been attacked on his route; but that Fernandez Cortez had revenged him. Scarcely had he concluded these words, than Moriame, without answering him, stalked around, with eyes almost bursting from their sockets, deliberating, if, at that moment, she should end her days where Yezid perished; but the sweet desire of revenging him arrested her arm; she grasped the hand of the soldier, and, with a tremulous and an agitated voice,

besought him to point out the road to the camp, at the same time promising to send him some of his companions to his assistance.

"The astonished soldier showed her, afar off, the road she ought to pursue. Moriame took her courser, and, exciting him to his utmost, arrived at the intrenchments. The guards endeavoured to stop her, but Moriame heeded not their calls: "Go," exclaimed she, "to the unpitying Fernandez, and tell him, that the governor of Carthame defies him, and waits for him. Let him not suppose there is treachery; I am alone, and, if he prefers it, I will combat with him in the midst of your

Tell him, if he is not the most cowardly of all mankind, he will not delay one moment."

"The guards, surprised at so much hardihood, requested her to repeat her words. They knew not if they ought to obey: but the respect the Spaniards had for every warrior, who demanded the lists, was held among them sacred. One of them, therefore, went in search of Fernandez, and, during this period Moriame did not forget the duties of humanity, but dispatched two soldiers after their wounded companions.

"The soldier, who was sent in quest of Fernandez, was informed, at his tent, that he was at the council; but, enter-

ing into conversation with Yezid, he mentioned that, at that moment, the governor of Carthame had come to defy Fernandez. At that name Yezid started up, his piercing eyes flashed fire—"The governor of Carthame!" exclaimed he. "Just God! thou hast placed him within my reach."

"Christian," said he to the soldier, "if you wish to merit a recompense beyond your expectation, lend me your arms, and conduct me to the governor of Carthame, who has come with sinister designs: I shall owe to you the supreme happiness of exposing my life for a hero, dear to my heart, and dear to your army.

"The soldier hesitated: Yezid conjured him, urged him, presenting him the bracelets of gold which ornamented his arms and legs. The soldier at length took off his arms, which Yezid put on: he mounted the courser of Fernandez, closing the visor of his casque, and, guided by the soldier, sword in hand, with his heart full of rage, he hastened to the spot where Moriame, irritated by so much tardiness, indignant and agitated, impatiently awaited the moment when she should bathe her hands in the blood of Fernandez. As soon as she perceived him, deceived by the night, blinded by fury, by an implacable hatred, which

sprung, alas! from love, she rushed on him. They strove not to evade each other's swords, that they might the more effectually strike the mortal blow; they closed, that the wounds inflicted should be deeper; they at length grappled, and, drawing each other from their coursers, fell together—they raised themselves—grappled anew, fearful the dire steel would not reach their hearts. Provoked through vengeance, maddened by jealousy and grief, Yezid wounded Moriame twice, and sought again to wound her: Moriame penetrated twice with her sword the breast of Yezid, and tried to find an aperture in his armor, to plunge it deeper.

"At length, enfeebled by loss of blood, Yezid tottered.—Moriame, pressing on him, redoubled her efforts, closed with him, overthrew him, and plunged her weapon through his breast, even to the hilt, already reeking with his blood.

"Die," said she; expire, barbarian! but know, ere the vital spark quits its mortal tenement, that you fall by the hand of a woman. Yes, it is Moriame who has immolated you:—yes, it is the wife of Yezid who revenges a husband she adores!"

"At these words, at the sound of this well-known voice, Yezid raised his head, recalling his wandering senses, and collecting his feeble strength:

"Moriame!" said he to her; "Moriame!———is it you who have robbed me of life? and is it against you that my hand———"

"He could no more———Moriame threw herself on him:———she took off his casque.———The first rays of the day shone in the east, and discovered the pale countenance of Yezid. On recovering himself a little, he said,

"Oh! my friend, oh! thou dearest of wives, calm thy horrid despair; pardon thou this my cruel error, as Yezid pardons thine.—The mortal blow thou hast given, more fully proves your love. In the name of our love, my tender Moriame; in the name of my honoured

and worthy father, who has no other child but you, promise me to live and console him; be quick in promising me; for relentless death approaches,—I feel it. Adieu, Moriame, my best friend—adieu, my only love. Yezid pardons thee his death, but promise you will live———."

"His voice failed, his eyes closed, his head hung, and his cold hand dropped from that of Moriame. Already rooted to the spot, she looked at him for a few moments in an agony of grief; when, suddenly her knees shook, her arms stiffened, her teeth chattered, she bent over the face of Yezid, seeking his lips, which she kissed with a

convulsive movement; and, firmly clasping his cold body in her arms, sighed forth her last breath."

Captain Raymond, at the conclusion of this tale, continued his own story. "A mutual confidence, at length, existed between the friendly Spaniard and myself. I informed him of every part of my history that I conceived proper to impart, and he, in turn, offered me every assistance in his power, to make my escape, and, after a variety of difficulties, I reached my native shore.

"I became uneasy with respect to my gaining intelligence of Isabella:—I had written to Lisbon, but, as yet,

there has not been sufficient time to receive an answer." You know the rest, and I am indebted to this worthy gentleman for this speedy restoration to my Isabella."

"I hope, yet," said Mr. Walker, "to serve you most essentially; at least nothing on my part shall be wanting, in rendering you both happy."

"I already," replied Raymond, "feel that I am under great obligations to you, and I am almost ashamed, that I have been so troublesome an acquaintance."

The evening passed in pleasant chat, and they retired, at a late hour, mutually pleased with each other.

CHAP. VI.

The Reconciliation.

ABOUT twelve o'Clock, on the ensuing day, Mr. Mordaunt called in Gloster Place: he was shown into the library, where Mr. Walker and Henry were amusing themselves. Captain and Mrs. Raymond were at Mrs. Musgrove's.

"I have," said Mr. Mordaunt, "maturely considered the conversation which took place yesterday, and the result is, that I am willing to grant Isabella pecuniary assistance, but I cannot again see her."

"I had been in hopes," replied Mr. Walker, "from seeing you, that your determination would have been very different. Mrs. Raymond is, at present, in no want of pecuniary assistance: all she requires is, to be restored to that place in your affections which she once held. She is now under the kind protection of an amiable lady, who knows how to esteem her virtues, and who, I am convinced, will feel great reluctance in parting with her, whenever that hour arrives."

"Can you, Sir," said Henry, who had crept up to the side of Mr. Mordaunt, "refuse to receive, Mrs. Raymond? it will break her heart. She looks for-

ward with so much anxiety for the moment that is again to reinstate her in your favour, that I am certain, when she is informed that my father has failed in procuring your pardon, that it will be the means of hurrying her to an early grave. Only think, Sir, of poor Isabella's falling a victim to your displeasure."

Mr. Mordaunt viewed Henry with astonishment, and he involuntarily exclaimed, "you are a noble boy. Will nothing, young gentleman," said he, but an entire reconciliation with Isabella satisfy you?"

"It is not," replied Henry, "for me, Sir, to dictate to you what is most pro-

per to be done; nor, Sir, can I attempt to prescribe a certain line by which you are to act: I can only pray you to pardon Isabella; I can only paint to you the remorse she feels at having acted contrary to your wishes. But, Sir, I cannot do justice to the tender and affectionate manner in which she speaks of you, and, though the unfortunate Isabella is an alien to your bosom, yet the virtues of her dear father are warmly cherished in her heart."

"Could I be convinced," said Mr. Mordaunt, "that this is really the case, I might in time——"

"It is the case," said Mr. Walker, interrupting him; "for contrition like Isabella's never yet was feigned: her countenance bears the stamp of ingenuousness, and her heart feels what her tongue has uttered."

"If," said Mr. Mordaunt, "she should again prove unworthy, what recompence can you make me, for having caused me to receive her?"

"She never, previous to her marriage," replied Mr. Walker, "gave you cause for offence, and, as her marriage constitutes her only crime, it is doing her an injustice to anticipate a farther act of error."

"Where is Isabella?" said Mr. Mordaunt; "let me see her."

At this moment the door was rudely thrown open, and Isabella rushed in.

"My father!" exclaimed she, and fainted in his arms: he was scarcely less agitated; the glow of paternal affection warmed his heart, and he strained his long-exiled daughter to his bosom. Mrs. Raymond soon recovered, and, looking in his face, hesitatingly said,

"Am I again in the arms of my father? and does he forgive the repentant Isabella?"

"He does;" replied Mr. Mordaunt, "and we are met, I hope, not to part, until the great Disposer of all things takes us to himself."

Pale, mute, and immoveable, stood Raymond in the centre of the room. He betrayed no emotion of pleasure or sympathy, at the scene he witnessed; he appeared to have been stupified with surprise. Mr. Mordaunt raised his eyes, and beheld the extraordinary figure of Raymond. The old gentleman almost recoiled a few paces: he believed Raymond to have been dead, and his present appearance almost seemed to be preternatural.

"How is this?" said Mr. Mordaunt; "how comes Raymond here?"

"Do not let our present joy be interrupted," said Mr. Walker. "I will clear up every thing respecting him." This conversation roused Raymond a little, and, following the impulse of his generous heart, he seized the hand of Mr. Mordaunt and pressed it to his bosom.

"Pardon," said he, "almost inarticulately, "pardon the misery I have entailed on you, and pardon the pain I have been the cause of inflicting in the tender bosom of my beloved Isabella."

"Take her," replied Mr. Mordaunt,

joining their hands; "and may years of happiness crown your remaining days. Accept a father's blessing."

The whole party congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Raymond.

To account fully to my readers for the sudden appearance of Mrs. Raymond, I must inform them, that, as Isabella knocked at Mr. Walker's door, she recognised her father's carriage: she immediately guessed the cause of his visit, and enquiring of the servant, in what room the gentleman was, whose carriage was at the door, he told her the library, and she entered at the critical moment described.

"You owe much to this young gentleman," said Mr. Mordaunt: "he was a strenuous advocate in your favour. I honour his feelings, and I sincerely wish that the present giddy youth would follow his amiable example."

Here the servant entered to say, that a young gentleman wished to see Henry.

"Admit him," said Henry; and, in a moment after, in walked Sam Tryatall. The appearance of so many people made him draw back: Sam, for the first time in his life felt abashed, but Henry walked up to him, and, kindly taking him by the hand, introduced him.

"I did not expect," said Sam, "to have met so numerous a party; but no circumstance shall prevent me from expressing my sorrow at having treated you so cavalierly in the fruit-shop.—Had that been my only fault, you might have easily forgotten it; but, after your saving my life at Richmond, I had the ingratitude to leave that place, with my thoughtless companions, without returning you my thanks, or even enquiring if you had sustained any inconvenience."

"Say no more," said Henry; "I had forgotten every thing."

"I doubt it not," replied Sam: "you are capable of doing any thing that is

noble and generous, and when I contrast your conduct with my own, I blush at my follies, and I shall, in future, try to follow your example. To emulate the virtues of Henry Walker will be my greatest pride."

"There can be no doubt," said Mr. Walker, "of your amendment. You have already made one rapid step towards it; continue firm in your present intentions, and you will become a good and worthy member of society."

Mr. Mordaunt remained that day in Gloster Place, and, in a few days after, he made every arrangement that could tend to the felicity of Raymond and his wife. Henry grew up to the years

of manhood, beloved by his family, and it was, ever after, a degree of consolation to him, to know that he had contributed to the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond.

THE END.

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